

THE ROTA

OR,

News from the Common-wealths-mens Club,
Written by Mr. Henry Stubb;
'Tis better then a Syllibub.

ffoe 8 1659

1.
AT Westminster where we take Boar,
There on the left hand you may note
The sign of the *Turks Head and Throat*.

2.
What heads and throats therein there be,
If you'll have patience to see,
These few lines here shall notifie.

3.
Here Harrington breeds up his youth
To the discovery of *no truth*,
All *Commonwealths-men* in good sooth.

4.
A question here, though nere so rude,
Is so belabourd, and so tewd,
And into sundry pieces bewd.

5.
If unresolv'd by *I*, or *Nor*,
It must be put to the Ballot,
Tis Mr. Harringtons own plot.

6.
The finest thing that ere was seen,
The one side white, the other green,
And there you must put in a Bean.

7.
First Harrington doth hawk and hum,
And tells a story of old *Rome*,
Which from his own store never come.

8.
He cites *Sigonius* and *Lampridius*,
Authors which to the Club are hideous,
And he in quoting most perfidious.

9.
But there a sad mishap befel
Which much doth grieve me for to tel,
But I am glad it was so wel.

10.
The learned man stood up and spoke,
That by two Losses he was broke,
His Reputation and his Cloak.

11.
Quoth he, My Reputation
I hear is tumbled up and down,
Much like a Foot-ball through the town.

12.
And for my Cloak, by this good light,
This Rascal *Miles* but yester-night
With Coffee did it all bedite.

13.
Next *Polixen*, that Politician,
Yet surely he is no *Hebrician*,
And (as I take it) a worse *Grecian*.

14.
Whom *Antony* did so fright,
He was not himself again that night,
Twas thought he did his Chair besite.

15.
Theres *Pontius* too, that man of Law,
In Politicks he is but raw,
But prattles more then a Jack-daw.

16.
Who speaking once of *injustice*,
Made a distinction somewhat nice,
It was between a *sin*, and *Vice*.

17.
Next comes in *Gold* that brazen-face,
If blushing be a sign of grace,
The Youth is in a woful case.

18.
Whilst he should give us *Sol's* and *Ob's*,
He brings us in some simple bobs,
and fathers them on Mr. *Hobs*.

19.
Nay, he hath got the prettiest feat,
Monarchs out of the world to beat,
Thus proves thei're all a *racine Cheat*.

20.
If man in state of nature be,
And one imparts his Right to me,
I cheat him of his property.

21.
The *He*, if many men posselt,
To one give all their interest,
He must be deem'd a Cheat at best.

22.
We want not an Attourney hight,
Lame Collins, (if I name him right)
Oh! 'tis a very learned Wight.

23.
The subtlest man that ere I saw,
Did Arguments from Scripture draw,
Religion was before the Law.

24.
If so Sir Harrington's mistane,
Religion doth the Law sustain,
Law property, it is most plain.

25.
A *Person* too, of no small note,
His sence as thred-bare as his coat;
And neither of them worth a groat.

26.
The man doth hope in time to be,
Chaplain to the Academy;
Hee's fit, for he can scarce tell three.

27.
Murley, who thought to have been one
Of the Committee, but was none;
For had he, they'd been all undone.

28.
'Twas well foreseen, for the wise *Knur*
Thought that the man might have a plot,
For to have dipped their *Bell*.

29.
One in a Speech he did rehearse,
'Gainst the Popes-land, he was so fierce,
He cut it off at least a terrace.

30.
He said he'd quote Authority,
That the full length of *Italy*,
Contain'd but threescore miles and three.

31.
A *Cambrobricitain* here god-wor,
Must needs make one of this leard knot,
But twere as good that he were not.

32.
Taff Morgan, God her Worship save,
Doth sit among them very grave,
He's no great States-man, but great *K*.

33.
Last, *Skinner* of his Chaire grown proud,
Doth gravely weild the buse croud,
And still to Orders cries aloud.

34.
To tell you more of Mr. *Skinner*,
He'd rather talk, then eat his Dinner;
'Tis that which makes him look the thinner.

35.
But whilst the man to *Stafford* cryd,
Sir you to Orders must be tyd,
Or else you must not here abide.

36.
For our course here, is not to prate
Of things that do too near relate
To the Affairs of present state.

37.
Speak to the question, it is found,
In what of Government the Ground,
Or the Foundation may be found.

38.
Stafford with that did lowly bow,
Good Mr. Speaker calm your brow,
And of my Argument allow.

39.
For had your question any sence,
I should not take the confidence
To give your Worship ought offence.

40.
But since for non-sence it may passe;
To speak to you in *Country-Phasse*,
Your Worship is a learned Ass.

41.
Which words he took in so much scorn,
That nothing else would serve his turn,
But presenely he must *Adjourn*.

42.
Adjourn, quoth *Stafford*, in a fright,
Are you a *Burgess*, or a Knight?
Sure I shall to the Tower to night.

43.
But loe, the work of all disasters,
A *Tooth* stood up, My learned Masters,
All Governments are much like *plasters*.

44.
Plasters, quoth *Stafford*, let me die;
If not, this poor Academy,
Have not some grand infirmity.

45.
And since it happens to be so,
I may chance be infected too;
Therefore my Masters all, adieu. *Exit*.